

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the Acts of the Day.

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The Bethel Courier.

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Original Poetry.

The Deacon's Dream.

Doctor, I've just reviewed your trip

From Alder wharf to Rufford Rippe

And back, with Sampson for your guide,

To Berlin Falls, the height of tide.

But what of this can e'er be said

Compared with mine from Holy-head?

'Board the Great Eastern, on her race

With forty rods of deck to pace.

With strength and grace she glides along

With passengers, two thousand strong

Grand Deas and Lorb, their very best,

And Dea. George among the rest.

She cuts her way with strength and pride;

All other rafts with ease out ride.

She gains the city, Portland fair,

'Low side her wharf, and anchors there

(Grand engine, boiler, masts and sails

Grand flag, inscribed direct from Wales

To raise the city, taps her steam—

And I awake—'twas all a dream!

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Twitchell, Asa Kimball, Benj. Russell, Sarah Greenwood, Susanna Twitchell, Mary Greenwood, Mary Russell.

Voted unanimously to give the Rev. D. Gould a call to settle and to take the pastoral charge of the church in this place.

EXTRA TWITCHELL, Moderator.

RESULT OF COUNCIL.

At an ecclesiastical council convened at the house of Benj. Russell, Esq. The Rev. Wm. Fessenden, was chosen Moderator and the Rev. Nathan Church, Scribe.

1. Voted, That Mr. Daniel Gould's confession of faith is satisfactory; and that nothing appears at present, to prevent his installation.

2. Upon the Rev. Mr. Gould's exhibiting his church standing, an account of his ordination as an evangelist; and after considering the opposition, unanimously proceed to the installation.

3. Voted to receive the Church in the West Parish in Bethel, organized by the Rev. Daniel Gould as a sister church.

This therefore is to certify that the Rev. Daniel Gould was this day settled over the church and people in said Parish according to gospel order.

A true copy attested.

NATHAN CHURCH, Scribe.

BETHEL, Oct. 9th, 1799.

This day the Rev. Daniel Gould was admitted into the church and installed over the church and people of the West Parish in said Bethel. The Rev. Nathan Church of Bridgeton, made the introductory prayer. The Rev. Wm. Fessenden of Fryeburg, preached from Heb. 13, 17. The Rev. Joseph Robey of Otisfield, made the installing prayer and gave the charge.

The Rev. Nathan Church gave the right hand of fellowship and the Rev. Wm. Fessenden made the concluding prayer.

BETHEL, April 25th, 1800.

Lieut. Ezra Twitchell, and Mr. James Grover were made Deacons.

Mr. Gould continued as pastor of the Church and Parish till 1809 when it was thought advisable to dissolve the relationship existing between them. A council was called May 3d, 1809, consisting of Rev. Nath'l Porter, Nathan Church, Lincoln Ripley, and Lieut. Robert Andrews, Dea. Stephen Jewett, Dea. Ephraim Chamberlain, and decided to that effect which was adopted by the Church, May 7th 1809.

NEW YORK BRANDY. A liquor dealer in this city purchased a barrel of New York brandy a few weeks ago and stored it in a loft. The next morning he inspected the same and found that the brandy had eaten away completely the wood-work of the barrel, hoops and all, and nothing but the bung-hole was left.—Boston Herald.

ES A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars; a cubic foot, two hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eight dollars. The quantity of gold now in existence is estimated to be three thousand millions of dollars, which, welded in one mass, could be contained in a cube of twenty-three feet.

William Witham went to the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Joseph Boynton, in Embden, Me., where his wife, who had separated from him, was staying, and calling for Mr. Boynton, told him he had come to kill him and his wife, also his own wife, at the same time presenting the muzzle of a rifle he held in his hands. Mr. Boynton caught hold of the rifle and turned it away, and in a scuffle which ensued, the rifle was discharged without harming any one. Witham was secured and committed to jail.

For the Courier.

Sketches by the Way—No. 4.

Mr. Editor:—According to our arrangement when we parted last night at the Academy of Fine Arts, we will this morning visit the Academy of "Natural Science," located on the corner of Broadway and Sanson streets. Did you ever think of the peculiarity of the terms applied to these two places? "Academy of Fine Arts" and "Academy of Natural Science." Now, according to our use of language, the word Fine is applied to the works of man, and the word Natural to the works of God. The word Fine is very suggestive. It implies the existence of something, that is beautiful. But the word Natural never suggests the existence of anything that is much to be admired. So by the phrase employed to designate the two Academies, one from the other, the stranger would expect to see objects, that are elegant in the building, we visited yesterday, he could scarcely decide, what would be the peculiarity of the objects in the building we are now to visit. The question therefore is: Why is it that more beautiful terms are applied to the works man, than to the works of God? This is probably the correct answer. People generally think a great deal more of man than they do of God.

We are apt to applaud most the works of the being to whom we are the strongest attached. As a very sad mistake is made between the excellency of God and the excellency of man, there will of necessity of their works. The very best, judge of all judges of beauty or grandeur, in visible objects, has put a decided damp upon this extravagant zeal to eulogize the works of the creature above those of the creator. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." You probably have read somewhere of the anecdote of the two individuals, who conversed together about the relative perfection exhibited in the works of nature and the works of art. One of the men contended, that perfection in objects of nature was sublimely complete and that nothing in art could possibly equal it. The other man doubted the truth of his doctrine. So, of course the trial must be made. Then came the question, what objects shall be selected. The admirer of nature selected the sting of a honey bee, presents it to his opponent and challenges him to make any object as smooth as that work of God. The man of art readily accepts the challenge and declares that he could polish a piece of steel, so he worked and worked upon his piece of steel, until he imagined that he had effected his end. The microscope was brought to decide the case; that little instrument that seldom utters an untruth. They, by the use of this truth teller, examined the sting of the bee, and they could not discover the least possible unevenness in any part of it. Then came the examination of the piece of steel by the same test. The lover of art, could scarcely believe his own eyes. He could see little mountains upon his piece of polished steel large enough to contain a whole swarm of bees, hives and all. He himself readily decided in favor of perfection in nature; and so must all people when they apply the test and make the trial. It is for this reason, Mr. Editor, that I, "with great pleasure," would have you accompany me to the Academy of Natural Science. In this building, sir are some of the most wonderful works

of God. In this spacious edifice are deposited specimens of well nigh the whole animal creation. There are in the building two very large rooms, one directly over the other, together with an under story composed of smaller apartments. We will first ascend to the lower one of the two great rooms. You perceive, that this is a very large hall, having three galleries on all four sides of it, one above another, and each of the three about eight feet high. All these extensive galleries are devoted to what 'Adam would call land animals, or in his words, "creatures of the earth." You are aware that he gave names to the different kinds of creatures that people the earth. By the way, I would here remark, there is related somewhere rather a humorous anecdote about what was once said in regard to Adam's wisdom in his selection of names for the different species of the brute creation. An individual, who thought he knew more than other people, once discoursed very eloquently upon the First Man's wisdom on this subject. So like other powerful speakers he gave an example, he was developing. The word hog, how very appropriately applied. What can be more hoggish than a hog; that ugly contrary brute. It evidently did not occur to the lecturer that the word hog is not to be found in Adam's dictionary. He made as sad a mistake, as did a certain minister who attempted to preach on the words of Peter. But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you who will bring in damnable heresies. The preacher, ignorantly, called the "damnable heresies," damnable heresies and dismissed very ably upon the words. He described the ruinous effects of those false heresies. He showed how they often arrayed neighbor against neighbor, and kept a community in constant broils. Well his sermon was very truthful and practical, even though he made a mistake in his text.

O yes, Mr. Editor, that is true. It probably was as appropriate for his audience as a sermon on some religious doctrine. The word swine is often used by the sacred historian, but never hog. Probably some modern Lexicographer has attempted to improve Adam's dictionary by inserting in it the word hog, just as some modern hymn book makers try to improve old hymn books by inserting some modern verses. They vainly imagine that they can improve on old Watts himself. Yet Watts had as much real poetry in his head, when a year old, and had as fine poetic taste as some of them ever had, or ever will have, even though they should live nine hundred and sixty-nine years. Notwithstanding the prejudice against Watts, people now-a-days will get up their hymn books, and then must of necessity insert a little of that good man's poetry as a vitalizing agency to give their books an appearance of life and of value.

But a word or two about these well nigh countless animals in this spacious room. You perceive, that they were killed, and then their skins were so well stuffed, that they have the appearance of life. If you please, you may call them pictures; natural pictures; the pictures of God, fashioned by his hand, just as they are exhibited to the eye. What can be more beautiful than what you now see in these large galleries. One glance at these grand works of God, might well stifle the voice of art, in her works of genius, and skill, and taste. Here is a specimen of well nigh every genus of animals on the face of the earth. The creatures here collected

may very properly be called a menagerie on a large extended scale. It is said, that there is not the like assembly to be found anywhere. We have not time to notice particularly this vast collection. There stands a great grizzly bear by the entrance into the hall. He seemingly is a done keeper, and says to all peaceful visitors come into our gallery and we will exhibit a sight for beauty and grandeur which justly puts to confusion the daubers of paint and users of brushes, who are wont to boast of their fine pictures. There stands the lion with his shaggy mane, and the tiger with his fierce eye, and the wolf with his open mouth, and the Leopard with his beautiful spots, and a host of other, sublime images, made of God, too numerous to mention.

There over the way in that upper gallery, you see very many skulls! It is said, that there is one or more skulls of well nigh every tribe of our race. There are some fifteen or twenty hundred placed along upon those shelves. Some exhibit evidence that they belonged to noble tribes of men, who were possessed of great intellects. While others show that they were of low order of creatures, utterly incapable of grasping high principles or of effecting noble purposes. We were reminded by the rapid flight of time, that we must leave this room, even though we would gladly tarry here a long season, and ascend to the hall above.

You see, sir, is a large room just the size of the one below, only here are four galleries instead of three on all sides, one above another, and each of the four about seven feet high. This hall is devoted almost entirely to the feathered race. The fowls of the air are congregated here in large numbers. It is said, that here in these galleries are thirty thousand specimens of different kinds of birds. You perceive, that they are all finely stuffed and nicely perched on their several stools. As nearly all birds are singers, this room may with some propriety be called the largest orchestra in the world. What music should we have were they all to strike up their own favorite tunes at the same time. Though there might not be very fine melody, the Philadelphians would be as frightened as were the Syrians, when they fled in haste from their camps, crying, "O, the unearthly music!" There is very great beauty in these thirty thousand birds. What fine colors of every possible hue. Birds of all sizes and forms, from the little sparrows to the great ostrich. The ostrich is a very noble bird. She towers up high above all her kindred. There is great majesty in her appearance. She seems to be the ruling spirit, among the thousands of her race. Her feathers, you see, are very elegant. Job in his poetic effusions, speaks of her grandeur and proud bearing. Gavast thou wings and feathers unto the ostrich. What time she lieth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider. She is very swift of feet. Her tentacles were often used to adorn the helmets of warriors.

There stands the Peacock, also, in all her glory. She is a brave looking bird. She defies the sun in all his glory to look her out of countenance. A great rogue and also mischievous with all. She can't be trusted, for she knows nothing in regard to fidelity to promises. She is accustomed to conceal herself in ambush and carefully watch for her victims. Says a writer, she dwelleth upon the crag of the rock and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey and her eyes behold afar off.

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